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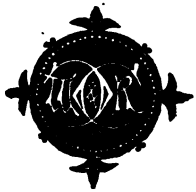

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1863

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* From THE STORIES THAT LITTLE BREECHES told, with Illustrations by CHARLES BENNETT. Price 5*s*. By permission of Messrs Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

PREFACE.

THIS Standard begins with lessons as easy as those which conclude Standard I. The lessons gradually increase in difficulty—dissyllables being sparingly introduced in the earlier portions of the book. As in Standard I., so in this volume, more difficult words are admitted into verse than into prose, for the obvious reason, that when the verse is really adapted to the infantine capacity, the rhythm and rhyme carry children easily over difficulties otherwise insuperable. The editor has also thought it advisable occasionally to insert an easy lesson among more difficult ones, as a relief and encouragement to the pupil.

The Arithmetical exercises extend somewhat

further than the requirements of the Revised Code. This is necessary to enable the master to bring his pupils up to Standards III. and IV. in the years that follow.

In Writing, the pupil is introduced to capital letters and the connecting of letters into words in the First Part. In the Parts which follow, he is amply exercised in copying lines as well as words; and, towards the conclusion, sentences and verses.

Requirements of Revised Code under Standard II.

Reading: *One of the narratives next in order after Monosyllables in an elementary Reading Book used in the school.*

Writing: *Copy in manuscript character a line of print.*

Arithmetic: *A sum in simple addition or subtraction, and the Multiplication table.*

STANDARD II.

PART FIRST.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

sad-ly sum-mer sighed straw-ber-ry
chil-dren stol-en soft-ly robins

1.

My dear, you must know,
That a long time ago,
There were two little children
Whose names I don't know;
Who were stolen away
On a fine summer day,
And lost in a wood,
As I've heard the folk say.
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
Oh have you not heard
Of the babes in the wood?

2.

Now when it was night,
How sad was their plight,
The stars did not shine
And the moon gave no light:
So they sobbed and they sighed,
And sadly they cried,
Till at last these poor babies
They lay down and died.
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
Oh have you not heard
Of the babes in the wood?

3.

The robins so red,
When they saw them lie dead,
Brought straw-ber-ry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
The branches among,
They sang to them softly,
And this was their song:
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
Oh have you not heard
Of the babes in the wood?

[*Write in manuscript:*]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z

ELLEN.

coun-try	froz-en	par-lour
cous-ins	chick-ens	be-fore
dread-ful		suf-fer
screams		trou-ble

Ellen was going out into the country to spend a long day with her cousins. They were to slide on the frozen pond, and to feed the chickens, and at night they were to play at 'Blindman's buff' in the large parlour. Ellen had talked of nothing else for a week before. Her mother put on her best

frock and sash. 'Now,' she said, 'stay here, my dear, and play with your doll; be sure you do not go near the fire.' But her mother soon heard dreadful screams. She ran into the room, and there was Ellen with her frock all in flames. Her mother threw the table-cloth over her, and put out the flames, but her legs were sadly burned, and her hair and arms were much scorched. She had to lie in bed many weeks, and to suffer much pain; and her mother had a great deal of sorrow and trouble about her. She got well at last, and you may be sure, from that time, she was careful always to mind what her good mother told her.

[*Revise writing lesson on page* 6.]

A RHYME.

naugh-ty twelve cack-les break-fast
cra-dles calm-ly pud-ding sta-ble

1.
The moon it shines,
The baby whines,
The clock strikes twelve,
It 's getting too late to toil and delve.

2.
In quiet nights,
The mousie bites,
The clock strikes one,
All naughty dreams little cradles shun.

3.
Little Bo-peep
Is fast asleep,
The clock strikes two,
Good girls be many, and bad girls few.

4.
The wind it blows,
The cock he crows,
The clock strikes three,
The ship sails calmly over the sea.

5.
The horse says neigh,
He wants some hay,
The clock strikes four,
Run and open the stable-door.

6.
The hen cackles,
The duck quackles,
The clock strikes six,
Time to get up and pick mother some sticks.

7.
Mother will bake
A nice little cake,
The clock strikes seven,
Put on the pudding, and boil till eleven.

8.
You shall be fed
With milk and bread,
The clock strikes eight,
Come eat your breakfast before it 's too late.

From the German.

POOR JANE.

eight lived edge eat-en
a-bout thatch-ed month giv-ing

Ann and I met a girl about eight years of age. She looked thin and pale, and was very poor. She told us that her name was Jane, and that she lived in the small thatched hut on the edge of the moor. We asked her why her father did not work to get her food. Tears came into her eyes, and she said that her father had been ill for a month, and was now dead, and that her mother was too weak to work. The cow had been sold, she said, to buy food for her father, and now there was no milk for the baby. She had eaten no food all that day, for there was none in her house. Ann wept when she heard all this, and we took her home to our mother. Mother was very kind to poor Jane, and went with her to the hut on the edge of the moor, and took care of her mother. We were very glad that we had met her, and we were glad to help her.

THE SILLY LITTLE FISH.

hun-gry	sharp-ness	hol-low
start-ed	long-ing	mind-ed

1.

'Dear mother,' said a little fish,
'Pray is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish,
You'd let me go and try.'

2.

'Sweet silly child,' the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
'That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook.'

[*Writing lesson.*]

lit tub cat mad

lit tub cat mad

3.
But round about the hook he played,
With many a longing look,
And—'Dear me,' to himself he said,
'I 'm sure that 's not a *hook!*

4.
'I can but give one little pluck,
To see—and so I will;'
So on he went, and lo! it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

5.
And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried;
'Dear mother, had I minded you,
I need not now have died!'

[*Write in manuscript the following letters:*]

B G E S M W X P F N R

b g e s m w x p f n r

[*Writing lesson.*]

wit run boy vat

THE FARM-YARD.

ploughs	pick-ing	pig-sties	cheese
ox-en	draw-ing	with-out	butt-er
reap-ing	thrash-ing	al-so	a-gain

Have you seen a farm-yard? I have. I went with Bill one day to the farmhouse at the foot of the hill. The gate of the yard was not shut, and so we walked in. There was a wall all round the yard. There were a few pigs here and there, and some cocks and hens picking up what they could find. There were some strange fowls, too, whose names I did not know; one of them like a large cock. It had long legs and a short tail. There was a large stack of hay, and a chest full of oats for the horses. A maid told us that she made cheese and butter from the milk; and we saw a cheese in the press and butter in a churn. There was much more to see, and I hope to go back again some day.

THE SEA-SHORE.

pret-ty a-long be-fore bot-tom
fish-ing strange-ly wa-ter grow-ing

If you go to the shore of the sea, you will see a fishing-boat, and many pretty things. As you walk along, you may pick up stones which you have never seen before, and shells of a fine hue. Some of them are strangely formed. You will see, also, little plants growing on the rocks, and in the small pools. You may sit down and watch the sea, and think how good God has been to make all these things for you.

ot dot bob boot

ot dot bob boot

JENNY WREN.

mer-ry	plain-ly
kind-ly	an-gry

1.

Jenny Wren fell sick
  Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Redbreast
  And brought her sops of wine.

2.

'Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
  Drink well of the wine:'
'Thank you, Robin, kindly,
  You shall be mine.'

3.

Jenny she got well,
  And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
  She loved him not a bit.

4.

Robin, being angry,
  Hopped on a twig,
Saying: 'Out upon you;
  Fye upon you, bold-faced jig!'

THE THREE BEARS.—(1.)

floor fun-ny lit-tle thought

Once on a time, long, long ago, a little girl went out to walk in a wood. No one was with her; but she did not fear to go. The path was long, and the trees were so thick, she could not see the sky; but the moss was soft to her feet, and the roses were sweet to smell, and she went on, and on. At last she came to a hut, and the door stood wide open, and in she went. It was a

lock nod done

lock nod done

funny little hut; but no one was in it. There were three stools on the floor, and three pots of food on the hob. In each pot was a spoon. One pot was large, the next was small, the third was a wee, wee pot. So it was with the stools—one was large, the next was small, the third was a wee, wee stool. The little girl sat down on the big stool, but it was too big for her. Then she went to the next stool, and that also was too big. Then she sat down on the wee, wee stool, and that was just the right size.

THE THREE BEARS.—(2.)

rough sitting voice thought

The food smelt so good that she thought she should like to taste it, so she took the spoon out of the big pot.

me bed vex we

That was too hot; she went to the next, and that was too cold; she went to the wee, wee pot, and that was quite nice. She took the pot, and sat on the stool, and ate it all up.

When she had done this, she put it back on the hob. 'And now,' she said, 'I will go up the stairs.' So up the stairs she went, and there she found three beds—a big bed, a small bed, and a wee, wee bed. 'I think I want to lie down and rest,' said the little girl, and up she got on to the big bed, but it was too high. She went to the next, but that was too wide; then she went to the third, and it was just the right size—such a warm, snug bed! Down lay the little girl, and soon she fell fast asleep.

Now in this hut lived three bears, who were gone out to walk in the wood. Soon they came home, and thump, thump, thump went their feet in the room down the stairs. The big bear came first, and when he saw his stool, he said in a rough voice: 'Some one has been sitting on my stool.' In

came the next bear, who was not so big as the first, and when he saw his stool, he said in a mild voice: 'Some one has been sitting on my stool.' Then came a wee, wee bear, and he said in a voice like a pig's squeak: 'Some one has been sitting on my stool, and has quite spoiled it.'

THE THREE BEARS.—(3.)

fright shewing walking sure

Now the big bear came to his pot of food. 'Oh, oh,' said he in his gruff voice, 'some one has been at my food!' 'Oh, oh,' said the bear with the mild voice, 'some one has been at my food!' 'Oh, oh,' squeaked the wee bear, with a voice like a pig, 'some one has been at my food, and has eaten it all up!' With that the wee bear set up a cry which you might have heard a mile off. But the little girl slept so soundly she did not hear him.

Now they went up stairs, and the big bear looked at his bed. 'Ah,

said he, with a growl, 'some one has been on my bed.' 'Ah,' said the next bear, 'some one has been on my bed too.' 'Ah, ah,' squeaked the wee bear, 'some one has been on my bed, and here she is now!' Just then the little girl woke up, and great was her fright to see the three bears. They stood near the door, with their rough coats, their big paws, and their huge mouths wide open, shewing their sharp teeth. Up jumped the little girl, and as she could not get out at the door, she jumped through a hole in the wall, down into the wood. She fell on the soft moss, so she was not hurt; and while the bears were walking down the stairs she ran and ran as fast as she could. Soon she got safe out of the wood, and you may be sure she did not go there any more to look for the three bears.

fix farm rise

THE PRIMROSE ROOT.

garden prune lessons knife

Mary. Father, what are you going to do in the garden to-day?

Father. I am going to prune the vine with my sharp knife, or we shall have no grapes next year.

Willie. May we come too, and work in our garden?—we have learned our lessons.

Father. Yes, you may come, if you work by yourselves, and do not tease me.

Mary. Then we will plant the primroses we dug up in the lane last night.

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIR

once	go-ing	ti-ny
cried	win-dow	flew

1.

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop,
So I cried, 'My little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?'

2.

I was going to the window,
To say, how do you do?
But he shook his tiny tail,
And far away he flew.

---

go jet fell fry

and end men

[*Exercises in numbers and Simple Addition,** *up to thousands.*]

[*Read and write*]

10, 20, 22, 30, 40, 90, 100, 101, 109, 110, 112, 115, 120, 130, 140, 200, 201, 204, 209, 211, 214, 220, 300, 301, 400, 401, 402, 410, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 2000, 3000, 4000, &c.

[*Read and Add*]

23	89	45	11	79	48	99
41	76	54	21	97	84	88
65	34	62	30	63	52	60
82	21	30	45	36	25	17

184	695	516	650	7235	9167
392	953	783	392	5984	3582
571	857	521	415	1673	9764
694	191	668	686	2959	1852
963	802	214	735	3827	3956
182	864	817	606	1893	1234

* It is scarcely necessary to state that, in STANDARD II., as in STANDARD I., the Arithmetical exercises are inadequate in number. Larger and more frequent practice than there are materials for in these Reading Books, is presumed to be given on the black-board. But if the pupils can work readily the exercises given in the Standards, they will be able to pass the government examination.

[*Exercises in numbers and in Subtraction, up to thousands.*]

[*Write in figures*]

ten, nineteen, twenty, thirty,
forty-one, forty-eight, ninety-six,
one hundred, two hundred,
three hundred, four hundred,
five hundred, six hundred,
seven hundred and one,
nine hundred and five,
one hundred and nine,
two hundred and ten,
one thousand, two thousand, &c.

[*Read and work*]

18	17	15	18	10	26	30	40
10	9	14	13	8	18	20	20
49	37	20	52	61	80	34	68
29	36	20	13	17	40	34	43
101	127	302	710	520	909	889	
100	86	296	305	400	410	786	
1000	1262	3002	1596	8972	9000		
900	1189	512	1453	6381	8000		

END OF PART FIRST.

SECOND PART.

POOR PUG.

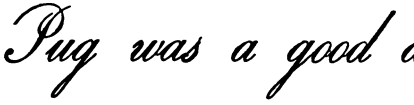
[*Spell*]

quarrel, belongs, about, always, tricks, happy, himself, minute, please, friends, corner, learn.

James and Harry have had a quarrel about the dog. The dog belongs to them both, and they are both fond of it; but the dog loves Harry best, as you may see, because Harry is always kind, and James is only kind now and then, when the fit takes him. James wants the dog to do things to please him, and Harry only thinks of pleasing the dog. Just now, James beat poor Pug

because he would not stand in a corner on his hind legs with a pipe in his mouth. Pug is too old to learn new tricks, and James knew it, and yet he was cross with his poor dog, and beat him. Harry came in when he heard Pug cry, and took him away, and poor Pug is quite happy now. But James is angry with himself, and he sits there crying. I do not think he will be so cruel again; and as for Pug, I know he will make it up, and be friends with James in a minute.

Pug was a good dog



THE THOUGHTLESS LAMB.—(1.)

[*Spell*]

lamb, said, mother, wolf, field, night, frisk, play, grow, open.

A lamb who lived in a fold with all the lambs and sheep on the farm,

said to its mother: 'Mother, may I not go out of the fold into the wide field?' 'No, my child,' said the old sheep, 'there is a wolf out there, and he might eat you. The field you see is large, and you might be lost there, and not find your way back.' 'I do not fear the wolf; and I know I could find my way back,' said the pert lamb. 'I hate to be shut up in a fold all day and all night.' 'Go, go,' said its mother, 'play with the lambs there, and frisk your long tail; it will be cut off one of these days, and you will have no tail to frisk; then you will wish for it again.' 'Shall I be wise like you when I lose my tail?' said the lamb. 'Yes you will,' said the mother-sheep; 'lambs grow wise when that time comes. How can you play when you have no tail to play with?' 'That is true,' said the lamb, and off he ran to play. But the lamb did not play long. He went to the side of the fold to look through at the field, and he felt sad that he could not get out. At last, one night he found the gate open,

when the sheep-dog was not near, and he ran out, and hid by the side of a bush.

[*Write*]

The sheep are in the fold

The sheep are in the fold

THE THOUGHTLESS LAMB.—(2.)

[*Spell*]

sleep, jumped, right, young, watch, grew, warm, caught, thorns, shade, fault, heard, brought, pulled, outside.

All the sheep and lambs in the fold went to sleep, but the lamb in the field outside ran and jumped in the light of the moon. 'Oh this is nice,' said the lamb; 'I am glad I came out of the fold. My mother is not so wise as I am, though she has not a tail. Ah, ah; an old sheep is not so wise as a young lamb.' Then she jumped and

ran till she was far from the fold, and could not see it. But a long way off she could hear the sheep-dog say, Bow-wow. He was close by the fold to watch the sheep, and take care of them. He did not know one lamb had run off from the fold, or he would have said Bow-wow, and run to find her. At last the moon did not shine, and it grew dark. The lamb said, 'I will go to sleep;' but she was cold, for the old sheep was not there to keep her warm, and she could not sleep.

Then she got up and went on, but it was so dark that she did not see a bush full of sharp thorns. Her wool caught in the thorns, and she could not get out. She began to cry loud, and the wolf in the wood heard her. 'Ah, ah,' said he, 'a stray lamb; that will be for me to eat;' and he gave a howl that made the lamb shake with fear, for she knew what it was. 'Oh, sad me!' she said; 'here is the wolf; I shall die, and it is all my own fault; I would not mind my mother. Oh! if I were back in the fold.' Now the

wolf came near; his howl was loud, for it was close by; but some one else heard the wolf howl as well as the poor lamb. It was the dog who took care of the fold; he gave a loud bark, and it brought the shepherd with his gun, who took care of the sheep and lambs, and made a fold for them. He, too, heard the wolf howl, and he heard the lamb cry, and he ran fast to the wood. There he found the lamb stuck fast in a bush, and he pulled off the sharp thorns, and spoke kind words to her, and took her in his arms, and bore her to the fold. How glad she was to be safe back. How glad to lie down warm by her mother.

'How now,' said the old sheep, 'where have you been?' 'Out in the fields,' said the lamb, 'and the wolf came to eat me.' 'I said he would come,' said the old sheep; 'one can see you are not wise to go out at night.' 'No,' said the lamb, who still shook with fear, 'I was not wise; but I shall be now, for I have

had half my wool torn off, and that must be the same as losing your tail.' 'I don't know that,' said the old sheep, and then they went to sleep. But the lamb did not run out of the fold any more, and the wolf had to feed on a dead mole that night, and did not like it at all.

[*Write*]

I said he would come

I said he would come

LITTLE DICK.

[*Spell*]

window, pretty, please, crumbs, single, worm, breast, piece, again, softly, want, captive.

1.

Who taps so at the window-pane?
Oh, it is pretty Dick;
'Do please to let me in,' he says,
'And give me crumbs to pick.

2.

'It is so very cold out here,
And such a deep, deep snow;
I cannot find a single worm,
And don't know where to go.'

3.

Come in, come in, then pretty Dick,
And warm your bright-red breast;
I'll give you all my piece of cake,
And make you a snug nest.'

* 4. *

But now the sun shines out again,
The snow is nearly gone;
And Dick taps softly at the pane,
And says, 'I would be gone.

5.

'I love the sun so very much,
I love the sweet spring air;
Please, let me fly out on the tree,
I'll sing to you from there.'

6.

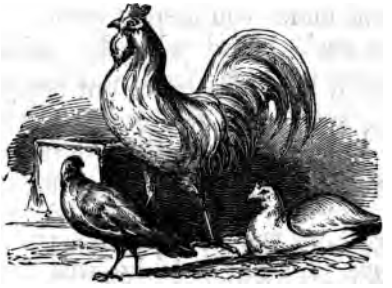
Yes, fly away, you pretty Dick,
We want no captive here;
Go sing your songs upon the tree,
You'll come again next year.

[*Write the following:*]

The snow is nearly gone

The snow is nearly gone

THE VAIN COCK.



[*Spell*]

wall, ball, comb, plumes, mind, please, still, makes, must, brought.

The cock stood on a high wall, and he said: 'No one is so tall as I am. No one has such fine plumes, or such a bright-red comb. The hens all mind what I say. I call them, and they come. I give them a worm to eat, and I stand by and say: "Eat it, eat it, my good hens, don't mind me; don't be shy. I am very glad to see you like it. I can find you more when I please."'

'That cock makes such a noise,' said a man who came into the yard, 'that I must kill him, if he does not be quiet.'

The cock heard what he said, and got down from the wall, and hid in the barn. Here he would have had no food, but the hens found him, and brought him some. He grew quite meek and still, and when he got on the wall, it was to see that the man was out of sight. If he was far off, the cock would give one long crow, and then run back to the barn as fast as he could; but if he were within sight or hearing, master cock had not a word to say.

[*Write out the following:*]

A cock stood on .

a high wall

THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF.

[*Spell*]

themselves, bridge, ugly, saucers, youngest, tripping, tiniest, second, gobble.

Once on a time, there were three billy-goats, who were to go up the hillside to make themselves fat, and the name of all three was 'Gruff.'

On the way up was a bridge, over a burn, they had to cross; and under the bridge lived a great ugly Troll,* with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker.

So first of all came the youngest billy-goat Gruff, to cross the bridge.

Trip trap; trip trap! went the bridge.

'WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?' roared the Troll.

'Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat,' said the billy-goat with such a small voice.

'Now, I'm coming to gobble you up,' said the Troll.

* An evil spirit.

'Oh no; pray don't take me. I'm too little—that I am,' said the billy-goat; 'wait a bit till the second billy-goat Gruff comes, he's much bigger.'

'Well! be off with you,' said the Troll.

A little while after came the second billy-goat Gruff, to cross the bridge.

TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! Trip trap went the bridge.

'WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?' roared the Troll.

'Oh; it's the second billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat,' said the billy-goat, who hadn't such a small voice.

'Now, I'm coming to gobble you up;' said the Troll.

'Oh no; don't take me; wait a little till the big billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger.'

'Very well! be off with you;' said the Troll.

But just then came the big billy-goat Gruff.

TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! went the bridge, for

the billy-goat was so heavy, that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

'WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?' roared the Troll.

'IT'S I; THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF;' said the billy-goat, who had an ugly, hoarse voice of his own.

'Now, I'm coming to gobble you up,' roared the Troll.

'Well, come along,' said the big billy-goat; and so he ran at the Troll, and poked him with his horns, and tossed him over into the burn, and after that he went up the hillside. There the billy-goats got so fat they were scarce able to walk home again; and if the fat hasn't fallen off them, why they are fat still; and so——

'Snip, snap, snout,
This tale's told out.'

DASENT'S *Tales from the Norse.*

[*Write*]

Once on a time there was

Once on a time there was

OUR PONY.—(1.)

[*Spell*]

once, silver-tail, given, because, stable, apples, biscuits, afraid, softly.

We once had a pony, and his name was Silver-tail. He had this name given him, because he had some white hairs in his long tail. He was very plump and very tame. When we went into his stable, he would turn round in his stall, and ask us for something to eat. We fed him with apples, or biscuits, or oats. No one was afraid

of Silver-tail, he took the food so softly out of your hand, and was so gentle.

He would run after his master when he was loose, and push his nose into his pocket, to try and find a biscuit there. Once his master told him he might come into the house; so he went through the hall into the drawing-room. On the table stood a plate of biscuits, and when he saw them, he walked round the table, took a biscuit out of the plate, and ate it up. There never was such a pony for biscuits.

[*Write out the following:*]

He would run after us

He would run after us

OUR PONY.—(2.)

[*Spell*]

sorry, place, friends, field, brook, tried, splash, foolish, grass, trotted, straight, strange, grief.

At last Silver-tail went to a new home. We were sorry to part with

him, but he soon made friends in his new place. He had a large field where he ate grass, and in the field was a mare also. Silver-tail was very fond of the mare, and he would try to do everything he saw her do. One day she ran down the field, and jumped over a wide brook that flowed through it. Silver-tail put his head on one side, and looked after her. Then he thought if the mare could jump it, so could he. Down the field he went as fast as he could, but when he tried to jump the brook, his legs were so short he could not do it. He went splash into the middle of the water, and looked very foolish indeed.

One day, when the mare was out, she had a bad fall, and was very ill after it. She was not put into her own stall, and Silver-tail was so sad when he missed her, that he would not eat his food. When any one went in, he would turn his head and give a sad cry, as if to ask for his dear friend. At last the poor mare died, and they dug a grave in the field, and put her

in it. The soil was thrown in, and the sod put over it, but Silver-tail was not in the field. He was shut in his stable for some days. But the first time he went into the field, he trotted straight up to the mare's grave, stood on it, and gave a long, long cry, as if he were full of grief for her.

This is a strange tale, but it is quite true, and Silver-tail is still eating grass in the field, by his friend's grave.

[*Write out the following:*]

This is a true tale

This is a true tale

THE PLAYFUL LAMB.

[*Spell*]

playing, clover, danced, rolling, looking, child, hopped, giving, jumping, broken, ended.

1.

A little lamb, as white as snow,
Was playing in the clover;
Now it danced, and now it leaped,
And then went rolling over.

2.

Hop and jump, o'er stick and stone,
Never looking where;
'Child,' said its mother, 'pray be still,
Or take a little care.'

3.

But still the little lamb hopped on,
Never giving heed;
Until at last it took a leap,
A sad, sad leap, indeed.

4.

For jumping o'er a large hard stone,
That on the hillside lay;
Down it fell, with broken leg,
And ended all its play.

[*Write*]

A little lamb broke its

leg, poor little lamb

THE WISE OLD OWL.

[*Spell*]
silly, very, mouse, wonder, indeed, going, mice, means, supper, strange.

'Dear me,' said an old owl, who sat on a tree, 'how silly men are! Indeed I think no one is wise but me. They all go out in the sun, and they do not seem to know that the sun shines only to put us all to sleep. It is very strange, for they hear me hoot at night, and they might think I should not be out if night were not the best time for going out. There are no mice

to be had in the day. What can men do, I should like to know, without mice? I know where there is a fat old mouse. I shall eat him to-night. He will not see me in the dark.'

'Oh, oh,' said a fat mouse who was near, 'I wonder if it is me the owl means to eat! I will go out then, before it is dark, and take my supper.' So the mouse took his supper by daylight, and the owl had no supper at all that night. Such a wise bird as the owl is! But I think she should not talk so loud.

[*Write the following:*]

Oh! oh! said a fat mouse

Oh! oh! said a fat mouse

THE WIND.

[*Spell*]

through, sometimes, gentle, quiet, window.

I am the wind,[1.]
And I come very fast;
Through the tall wood,
I blow a loud blast.

2.
Sometimes I am soft,
As a sweet gentle child;
I play with the flowers,
Am quiet and mild.

3.
And then out so loud
All at once I can roar;
If you wish to be quiet,
Close window and door.

I am the wind, &c.

[*Write the following:*]

Sometimes I am soft

Sometimes I am soft

THE NEW DOLL IN THE BOX OF TOYS.

[*Spell*]

nursed, full, think, awake, beasts, ark.

Mary's aunt bought her a new doll. Mary nursed it all day, and at night

the new doll was put into her bed, and the bed was put into a large box full of toys. The lid was shut, and you may perhaps think all was still for the night. Not at all. There was fine fun in the box. The doll was wide awake, and she saw it all. First, the balls would jump in the air, to the top of the box-lid. Then the tops would spin round and round as fast as they could. A Jack-in-the-box sprung up and cried, 'Here we are!' and all this by the light of a small toy-lamp that could not burn at all.

'What a nice set of toys!' said the doll; 'I wish I had my frock on, I would get up too.' But the best fun of all was to see the ark, when all the beasts came out, two by two, to walk round and round. And the funny little men, in their long coats, and their funny little wives came too. They had been once round the box, when up sprang some men with guns. Pop, pop, they went; and the beasts ran back to the ark as fast as they could. Just then a toy-clock struck

one; they all said 'hush!' and then they all went to sleep.

[*Write out the following:*]

What a nice set of toys

What a nice set of toys

THE FOOLISH YOUNG MOUSE.

[*Spell*]

snug, mouse, folks, some, eaten, shelves, cheese, smelt.

A little mouse lived in a hole in the wall with its mother. It had a nice, snug nest there, made of wool, and bits of rag, and soft wood. It was so warm on a cold night. The little mouse went out one day, and when he came home he said: 'Mother, the kind folks in this house have made a nice wooden box for us. I feel sure it is for us, for there are two holes in it—one for you and one for me. They have put some cheese in the holes for

us to eat; it smelt so good, but I would not take a bit till I had told you, that you might come and have some too.'

'You did well, my child,' said the old mouse; 'for that box is a trap to catch and kill you. They do not like us to eat the good things on their shelves, and they set traps for us; do not go near them, I beg.'

So the mouse did not go for some time; but one day when he had had no food, the cheese smelt so good, that he ran into the hole, and, pop! down came the trap so quick, that he had no time to cry out: 'Oh, if I had but done as my mother told me!'

[*Write*]

You did well, my child

You did well, my child

What a silly little mouse

What a silly little mouse

THE FOUR KITTENS.—(1.)

[*Spell*]

kittens, lady, lived, drowned, quiet, packed, together, mischief, window, curtain, table, angry.

There was once a cat who had four kittens, and the old lady whom the cat lived with was so kind to her that, when the kittens were born, she would not let one of them be drowned. So all the kittens grew up, and played with their mother's tail, and ran after their own tails, and each other's tails and

were as full of fun as four kittens could be. Now, there was one room in the house where the kittens were not to go. Even the old cat had never been there but once or twice, on a Sunday, and she told the kittens it was a very grand room, with a large fire and a soft rug. 'A room for a king,' said the mother-cat, and the kittens longed to go in. 'Now be quiet, and sit all in a row,' said the cat, 'and I will tell you more.' So the kittens all sat in a row, with their four little paws packed close together, and their four little tails laid close round their four little paws. You might have thought they were four old wise cats at that moment.

THE FOUR KITTENS.—(2.)

'Well, my dears,' said the mother-cat, 'in this room there sits, under a glass-case, a bird who never flies away; and on the shelf above the fire, there is a mouse with a long tail, and he never runs down, but always sits and

looks at me with bright eyes.' 'Oh, if we might only go!' said all the kittens at once;' and off they were after their tails again.

Well, one day the old lady had a party, and the cat and kittens were told they might go into the room. Of course they were much pleased, and very quiet at first; but when they were left alone there, sad to tell, they would not listen to their mother, but fell to all kinds of mischief. One ran up the window-curtain; another dragged off the table-cloth; a third jumped up at the glass-case, and pulled out the bird; and the fourth sprang on to the shelf, and came down with the mouse in her mouth. Then, while their mother scolded all the time, two of them pulled the bird to pieces, and the other two ran at the mouse. But the bird was a dead bird, stuffed with wool, and the mouse could not run away, for it was made of wood. In came the old lady, and very angry she was. She drove them all out with a stick, and the next day the kittens were

sent away to the country, and never saw their mother again.

[*Write*]

The bird was stuffed

The bird was stuffed

MAY.

[*Spell*]

pleasant, sitting, boughs, bus-i-ly, building,

1.

Hark! the little birds,
Now in pleasant May,
Sitting on the boughs,
Sing aloud all day.

2.

See, the little birds,
Now the May is come,
Busily they fly,
Building each its home.

3.

Busily they work,
Singing as they fly;
Glad are they of May,
And glad too am I.

THE CAT AND THE BULL-FINCH.—(1.)

[*Spell*]

behind, hedges, hidden, mewing, trembles, hungry, eyes, fault, naughty, children, dinner, defend.

Sophy and Paul went out for a walk one day, and as they came home, they played at hide-and-seek behind the hedges. Sophy was hidden, and Paul was looking for her, when she heard a sound of 'mew mew' very faint and sad. 'Paul,' she cried, 'come here; there is a cat mewing in the bush.' Paul came and heard it too, and when he looked in the bush, he saw a poor sickly kitten lying there. Its hair was white, but wet with dew, and dirty with mud.

'Poor little thing,' said Sophy; 'how it trembles.'

'And how thin it is!' said Paul.

They took it home with them, and begged some milk from their mother. She gave it them, and the

little kitten drank it up, for she was very hungry.

In a few days the kitten grew fat, and full of play; and the larger she grew, the finer grew her long, silky, white hair. She had bright eyes, and a pretty little red nose. Sophy and Paul loved her dearly. She had but one fault, but that one vexed Sophy very much. She would catch the birds, and kill them. She would get up in the trees, run along the branches, and steal the poor little birds out of the nests. Sometimes, even sad to tell, she would eat the poor mother-birds, who tried to defend their little ones. Sophy beat her for it, and scolded her, but it was of no use. 'You will come to harm, naughty pussy, some day. I know you will,' she often said.

[*Write*]

The kitten ran up the tree

The kitten ran up the tree

THE CAT AND THE BULL-FINCH.—(2.)

One day the children's mother had a pretty bull-finch given to her in a cage. It sang sweetly. It could sing tunes, it had been so well taught. Paul and Sophy were very much pleased with it, and never tired of hearing it. They left it at last to go to their dinner, and when they came back they gave a loud cry of fear and sorrow. Their mother ran, and found them standing by the cage. The bars of the cage were bent and broken, and the naughty cat was just leaping down from it with the pretty bull-finch in her mouth.

The bird was not dead, for its wings moved; they ran after the cat, but she hid under a chair, and would not drop the bird. Their father coming in at this moment, took up the tongs and chased the cat from room to room. The poor bird's wings were quite still now. At last the tongs fell on the head of the cat, and the blow was so hard that

she dropped the bird; and the bird fell dead on one side, and the cat on the other.

'My poor pussy!' cried Sophy.

'The poor bird!' cried Paul.

'I did not mean to kill the cat,' said their father; 'but she should not have taken the bird.'

Sophy loved her cat with all her faults, and cried over her, but she could not defend her conduct. 'I told her some harm would come to her,' she said to Paul, 'because she was so naughty and greedy. And there you are, my poor pussy, quite dead, and all through your own fault.'

Abridged from the French.

[*Write*]

I did not mean to

kill the cat

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

[*Spell and write*]

listen, kitchen, patient, active, truthful, people, written, talkative.

1.

Listen to the kitchen clock,
To itself it seems to talk;
From its place it never walks;
'Tick-tock-tick-tock:'
This is what it says.

2.

'I 'm a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I 've stood for many a year;
Tick-tock-tick-tock:'
This is what it says.

3.

'I 'm a very active clock,
For I go while you 're asleep,
Though you never take a peep;
Tick-tock-tick-tock:'
This is what it says.

4.

'I 'm a very truthful clock,
People say about the place,
Truth is written on my face;
Tick-tock-tick-tock:'
This is what it says.

5.

What a talkative old clock!
Let us see what it will do,
When the pointer reaches two;
'Ding-ding;' 'tick-tock!'
This is what it does.

[*Write out the third verse.*]

THE GLASS SLIPPER.

[*Spell*]

church, planted, tumble, servant, youngest
scrubbed, clothes, flowers.

Once upon a time, long, long before you were born, even before the old church was built, and the yew-tree planted, there lived three sisters in a large tumble-down house. The two eldest sisters were very gay. They went to balls once a week, and spent all their money in fine dress. They could not keep a servant, and so they made their youngest sister do all the work. She washed the clothes, and cooked the dinner, and scrubbed the

floors, and cleaned the grates. So, poor little lady, they called her Cinderella, but for all that she was a little lady, though she was dressed like a servant, and a very poor servant too.

One night the king gave a ball, because the prince his son was just of age. The two sisters went to it in fine new dresses, with feathers in their hair, and they never said good-bye to Cinderella, but laughed at her as they went out, and said to each other: 'What an ugly shabby thing she is!' Then they got into the coach, and drove away.

Poor Cinderella sat down on a low stool by the fire, and felt so sad that she was quite ready to cry. 'What is the matter, Cinderella?' said a voice near her; and turning round, she saw her godmother, who was a pretty fairy. 'I want to go to the ball with my sisters,' said Cinderella, 'it must be so very pleasant.' 'Is that all?' said the kind fairy, 'we will soon manage that.' She just touched Cinderella with her wand, and all her

old clothes were changed into a new ball-dress; such a very pre dress as never was seen before. S had flowers, too, in her hair, and on h feet a pair of glass slippers.

[*Write*]

She had flowers in her hair

She had flowers in her hair

THE GLASS SLIPPER.—(2.)

[*Spell and write*]

clapped, again, pumpkin, touched, harness whiskers, handsome, coachman, footman.

Cinderella clapped her hands, and jumped for joy. But soon she looked sad again. 'How can I go?' she said 'I cannot walk there in such a dress as this.' 'Go and fetch me a pumpkin,' said the fairy; and as soon as Cinderella brought it, a touch of the wand turned it into a fine state-coach. There was the coach, but where were the horses

to come from? 'Are there no mice in the trap?' asked the kind fairy. Cinderella ran to look, and brought back six. The fairy touched the mice, and they became six fine large horses, with harness of gold and silver. 'Now for a coachman and footman,' said the fairy. 'Where is the rat-trap?' Cinderella brought it quickly, and inside were two fine rats, with long tails and whiskers. They made a grand coachman and footman with one touch of the fairy's wand. 'There, my dear,' said the fairy, 'now you may go to the ball; but you must mind one thing I have to tell you: you must be home here by twelve o'clock, for if you are not, your fine dress will turn to rags; your coach, and horses, and servants will become a pumpkin, and rats, and mice; and you will have to come home on foot.' 'I will take great care,' said Cinderella; and she gave the kind fairy a kiss, and rode away in her new coach.

When she reached the ball, the young prince thought her by far the best dressed and most handsome

lady in the room; and he danced with her very often. Her sisters did not know her, but said, 'How pretty and well dressed she is!'

Long before the clock struck twelve, Cinderella went away, and rode home in her grand coach. When her sisters came back, they found her sitting by the fire in her old clothes; and she heard them talking, as they went to bed, about the grand lady who had been at the ball.

[*Write*]

The clock struck twelve

THE GLASS SLIPPER.—(3.)

[*Spell*]

except, dancing, forgot, dropped, clothes, trumpet, proclaim, clumsy, surprise, castle, treatment.

The next week there was a fine ball again; and the kind fairy came and

sent off Cinderella as before, in a dress that was all new except the glass slippers. But on this night, Cinderella was dancing so gaily with the prince, that she forgot to look at the clock. It began to strike twelve, and when she heard it, she jumped up and ran to the door. As she ran, she dropped one of her glass slippers, and the prince picked it up. But when poor Cinderella reached the door, she found herself in all her old clothes, and no coach was there, but only some rats, and mice, and an old pumpkin were to be seen in the road. It was a long way home through the wind, with only one glass slipper on her foot; but there was no help for it, and when her sisters came back, there she sat on her stool by the fire as before.

But now the prince wished to have the pretty lady who had worn the glass slipper for his wife. So the king sent a man with a trumpet all about the country, to proclaim that any lady who could wear the glass slipper was to marry the young prince.

All the ladies tried very hard to get their foot into it; but, no—it would not do, for it was a fairy slipper, and would fit no one but the right owner. At last the man came to the large old house where Cinderella and her sisters lived. The sisters tried, and tried—first the right foot, then the left, but, no—the slipper would not come on. 'Please, let me try,' said Cinderella. 'Silly girl,' said her sisters; 'you try, indeed, with your great clumsy feet—go and wash your dishes!' But the man said: 'Let her try, if she likes.' And Cinderella took the slipper, and her foot slipped into it, so that it fitted her like a glove.

Her sisters were full of surprise; but what did they feel when Cinderella put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out the fellow-slipper! At the same time the fairy came in, and touched her with her wand, and there she stood, the same pretty lady whom they had seen at the ball. The news soon reached the prince, who came with his father the king and took her away to his castle,

where she became his wife. But the best of the story is, that she quite forgave her sisters for their unkind treatment of her, and she and the prince were both so good to them, that they all lived happy ever after.

[*Write*]

She forgave her sisters.

She forgave her sisters

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Fable.

[*Spell*]

rehearse, perhaps, nearly, fable, ventured, joyfully, inclined, cunning, foolishly, beware, flattery, pretence.

1.

The fox and the crow,
In prose I well know,
Many good little girls can rehearse:
Perhaps it will tell
Pretty nearly as well,
If we try the same fable in verse.

2.

In a dairy a crow,
Having ventured to go,
Some food for her young ones to seek,
Flew up in the trees
With a fine piece of cheese,
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

3.

A fox, who lived by,
To the tree saw her fly,
And to share in the prize made a vow;
For having just dined,
He for cheese felt inclined,
So he went and sat under the bough.

4.

She was cunning, he knew,
But so was he too,
And with flattery laid out his plan;
For he knew if she 'd speak,
It must fall from her beak,
So bowing politely, began:

5.

'Tis a very fine day:'
(Not a word did she say;)
'The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south;
A fine harvest for pease:'
He then looked at the cheese,
But the crow did not open her mouth.

6.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
Her plumage admired,
'How charming! how brilliant its hue!
The voice must be fine,
Of a bird so divine,
Ah! let me just hear it, pray do.

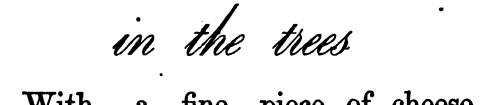
7.

'Believe me, I long,
To hear a sweet song:'
The silly crow foolishly tries;
She scarce gave one squall,
When the cheese she let fall,
And the fox ran away with the prize!

[*Write*]

The crow flew up

in the trees



With a fine piece of cheese

[*More advanced exercises in numbers and Addition up to tens of thousands.*]

[*Write in figures*]

six thousand seven hundred and eight,
one thousand and nine,
ten thousand nine hundred and ten,
fifteen thousand and sixteen,
eighty-five thousand six hundred and one,
one hundred thousand.

[*Read off and work*]

5678	7854	3198	9162	8964
9012	3141	4569	3976	4253
3456	6957	7352	8537	7068
7891	2718	1127	7852	3829
2345	2845	3964	3964	4956
6789	9037	3576	8572	9748

4209	4068	2677	9735	3785
5670	2379	8321	1976	2135
8463	9965	9678	3759	2386
2338	8470	5322	4169	9742

[*More advanced exercises in numbers and in Subtraction to tens of thousands.*]

[*Write in figures*]

four thousand and four,
one thousand and one,
six thousand and nine,
eight thousand and eight,
ten thousand, twenty-five thousand,
one hundred thousand,
ten thousand and one,
eleven thousand and nine,
fourteen thousand and twenty-five,
twenty thousand six hundred and six,
thirty-five thousand and five,
eighty-four thousand and eleven.

[*Read off and work*]

1852	25006	82372	58794	63896
1405	20000	78945	40000	47582
78536	80006	98909	87017	28000
76842	50000	20510	75672	14000
50000	99999	72562	40062	59601
45000	88888	38682	38000	47111

END OF SECOND PART.

THIRD PART.

LONG-TAIL, SHORT-TAIL, AND NO-TAIL-AT-ALL.

[*Spell* and write]

royal, family, admired, sorry, scorned, butcher, hardly, enough, hurry, parlour.

This is a story about a pig. This pig was not one of the royal family of pigs, but he was very genteel. He had a fine tail, about a yard long, and so they called him Long-tail.

All the pigs admired him (even Short-tail), but I'm very sorry to say he grew very proud. He scorned Short-tail, and would not have anything to say to him at all. Of course, this made Short-tail feel sad; and after a while it caused him to get very angry.

'If he scorns me,' said Short-tail, 'it shall not be for nothing; I'll up and tell the butcher, see if I don't;' and off he went.

'If you please, Mr Butcher, do you want a long-tailed pig?'

'Yes, my little Trotter, I do,' said the butcher, who had been looking out for a long-tailed pig a long while; 'but I'm afraid your tail is hardly long enough for me.'

'Oh, it is not *my* tail I mean,' said Short-tail in a fright; 'but there is a fine one round the corner.'

'Is there?' cried the butcher; 'then I will go and see.'

Away he went round the corner in a very great hurry. Long-tail saw him coming, and went off too, squeaking. The butcher took one step, and shook his large knife; a second, and he lost his red cap; a third, and he was quite out of breath; but he caught the long tail, and off he cut it. You may see it any day under a glass-case in the butcher's parlour.

Poor pig! he was no more called Long-tail. Indeed he was not even Short-tail. Short-tail himself laughed, but all the other pigs grieved. 'What shall we do? what shall we do?' they said, 'for this proud pig has no tail at all.' He was a silly Long-tail, and

had no right to give himself airs. Still I wish the butcher could have known him without Short-tail's help. Neither do I like Short-tail for laughing at the poor pig when he became No-tail-at-all.'

[*Write*]

He was a silly Long-tail, and had no right to give himself airs.

MARY'S CAT.

[*Spell and write*]

merry, jumping, everywhere, rubbed, against, cruel, beside.

1.

Mary had a little cat,
With long snow-white hair,
Such a merry little cat,
Jumping everywhere.

2.

When Mary went to take a walk,
Pussy ran to meet her,
Rubbed its head against her frock,
And said, 'Purr, Purr,' to greet her.

3.

Once, when Mary was at school,
Some cruel bad boys found it,
And in a pond beside the road,
Oh, sad to tell, they drowned it!

4.

Poor Mary's face was wet with tears,
When she found pussy lying :—
I would not be a cruel boy,
To set poor Mary crying.

[*Write*]

The cruel boys drowned the kitten in a pond beside the road.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—(1.)

[*Spell and write*]

merchant, journey, daughters, present, father, promise, necklace, pearls, colours, absent, palace, pictures, fountains.

There was once a merchant who was setting out on a long journey. Before he went, he called his three daughters, and said to them : 'When I return, I will bring you each a present, choose

before I go what you would like best.' 'Dear father,' said the eldest, 'pray bring me a pearl-necklace, I love nothing so well as pearls.' 'Very well,' said the father; and then he asked his second daughter what she would like. 'The finest shawl you can buy,' she said, 'woven of all the fairest colours.' 'And you, my little Beauty,' said the father to his youngest child, 'what shall I bring you?' Now Beauty loved nothing so well as her father, and she only cared to see him home again. 'I wish for nothing,' she said, 'except a red rose, for there is not one in my garden.' Her sisters laughed at her, but her father kissed her fondly before he went.

The merchant went far away, and was absent many months. But when he started on his way back he brought with him the pearl-necklace and the fine shawl, but he had not yet found a rose for his dear little Beauty. He was just one day's journey from his own house, when he came to a high gate, and looking through it, saw a

very fine garden full of flowers, and with many red roses growing in it. The gate stood open, and the merchant said: I 'will go in and ask for a red rose for Beauty.' So he went in, and walked about, but he could see no one. There was a fine palace, and all the doors were open, and he could see rich hangings and pictures, but no one came to speak to him. The garden was full of trees and fountains and flowers, but no one was there. 'I will gather one flower,' said the merchant, 'and then I will go on,' and with that he plucked a fine red rose. Just as he did so, a fierce voice said: 'How dare you take my roses?'

He turned round, and there stood a large brown beast all covered with long shaggy hair. 'I beg your pardon,' said the merchant, 'I could see no one, or I would have asked leave to gather a flower; I only wanted it for my youngest daughter, Beauty.' 'He who touches my roses, must die!' growled the beast. 'Pray, forgive me,' said the merchant, 'I will never do it again; it would

break Beauty's heart if I did not go home.' 'You may go, if you will make me a promise,' said the beast. 'Oh yes, I promise,' said the poor merchant, whose knees were shaking under him with fear. 'You must bring your daughter Beauty to me in a month, or you must come back yourself,' said the beast. The poor merchant said he would, and then he went on his way home, very sad at heart, to think of his promise.

[*Write*]

The poor merchant said he would, and then he went on his way home, very sad at heart.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—(2.)

[*Spell and write*]

value, losing, money, flowers, welcome, music, gentle, pictures.

When he got home, his daughters ran to meet him. 'Have you brought our presents?' said the two eldest.

But Beauty only put her arms round his neck, and kissed him over and over again. 'Why do you look so sad, dear father?' she asked. The merchant told the story of the rose, and said: 'I am sad because I must go back at the end of the month, and never see my children again.' But Beauty said: 'No, indeed, dear father, your life is of more value than mine; I will go to the beast, and you shall stay here.' The merchant said no at first, but after a while his other daughters so wept and wailed about losing him, and having no one to take care of them, and earn them money, that he gave Beauty leave to go.

So on the day fixed poor Beauty kissed them all, and said good-bye, trying to smile, but feeling very sad in her heart. When she came to the gate, it stood wide open, and inside were the fairest flowers. They bowed their heads as she came in, as if to say welcome. She went into the palace by the open door, and the servants bowed down to her, and led her to a grand feast of all

kinds of rich fruit, and on her plate lay a red, red rose. She sat down and ate the fruit, while music sounded through the hall—the sweetest music she had ever heard. When she had eaten enough, she was led into a fair chamber, and dressed in the finest robes, and then taken to a hall grander than the first, where she was seated on a throne. 'Dear me!' said Beauty, 'all this is very nice, but I wonder when the beast will come and kill me.'

The beast did come, as she sat on the throne, but he spoke gentle words to her, and lay on the carpet at her feet, and looked at her with his dark eyes as if he loved her very much. When the clock struck nine, he went away, and she saw him no more till the next night came.

Her days were spent in a very pleasant way. She had all the fine palace to herself, with pictures and music, and more lovely things than I could tell you. The gardens and parks were so large, that she found new walks in them every day, and

she had tame birds and dogs, and fish—indeed all she could wish for.

[*Write*]

She had all the fine palace to herself, and more lovely things than I could tell you.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:—*concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

anything, promise, fortune, persuade, beyond, darling, thunder, surprise, wicked, married, stories.

And yet, after a while, Beauty grew sad. 'Do you wish for anything, Beauty?' said the kind beast. The tears came into Beauty's eyes, and she said: 'I wish to see my dear father and sisters.' The beast looked sad too when he heard this, but he said: 'You may go if you will promise to come back in a month.' 'Oh yes, indeed,' said Beauty; 'I should be sorry not to see you again, my dear kind beast; you who are so good to me, and make me so happy.'

So Beauty went home, and her sisters, when they heard of her good-fortune, and saw the fine presents she had brought them, were full of envy, and tried to persuade her to stay beyond the time the beast had granted her. Indeed, they made so much of her, and the merchant looked so sad when she talked of going, that Beauty could not find it in her heart to go. And yet she was not happy.

A whole week beyond the time had gone by, when one night she dreamed she saw the poor beast dying. This made her so sorry that she rose early the next morning, and went back after saying good-bye to her father and sisters. When she reached the palace, she looked everywhere for the beast, and at last she found him lying very ill on a couch, and looking as if he were going to die. She ran up to him, and put her arms round his neck. 'Oh my dear darling beast,' she said, 'please do get well. I am come back, and I will never leave you again.' 'Do you love me, Beauty?' said the beast. 'Yes,

indeed,' said Beauty. 'And will you be my wife?' 'Yes,' said Beauty, 'I will.'

Now, as Beauty spoke there came a noise like thunder, the palace walls shook, the beast fell back as if he were going to die indeed. Then all was still, and music was heard so soft and sweet that Beauty hid her face in her hands, and the tears ran down her cheeks. But when she looked up, the beast was gone, and in his place stood a handsome young prince. Beauty could not speak a word, she was so taken by surprise. 'Don't you know me, my dear Beauty?' said the prince. 'I am your own dear kind beast, pray do not lose your love for me, now I am less ugly than before. A wicked geni changed me into that form, and said I was to remain in it till a woman loved me well enough to be my wife, in spite of my being an ugly beast. You have broken the charm, my Beauty, and now I am a prince once more.'

You may be sure Beauty did not object to the change, and soon after she and the prince were married. Her

father came to the wedding, but his two daughters were quite ill with envy of Beauty's good-fortune, and could not be present. After a while the two elder sisters found husbands also, and then the old father came and lived with the prince and Beauty, and nursed their children on his knee, and told them pretty stories; and they were all very happy, and good, and loving, as long as they lived.

[*Write*]

After a while the two elder sisters found husbands also, and then the father came and lived with the prince and Beauty.

THE SHEEP.

[*Spell and write*]

lazy, pleasant, daisies, scanty, farmer, woolly.

1.

'Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But of what use are you?'

2.

'Nay, my little fellow, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray:
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold you 'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

3.

'True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass,
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common 's brown and bare.

4.

'Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day.
Little Master, this is why,
In the pleasant fields I lie.'

[*Write*]

True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring.

SPRING.—(1.)

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

falling, garden, planting, putting, flowers, watched, blossoms, mould.

Last year, when the leaves were falling off the trees, Alfred and Annie went to see their aunt, who lives in an old farm-house, and has a very large garden. They found her very busy planting roots in the garden, and putting them in with much care. 'Why do you plant these ugly dead roots, aunt?' said Alfred.

'They are not dead, Alfred; they will bear fine flowers in the spring, if the frost does not kill them. I will give you some for your garden if you like.'

'Oh, thank you, aunt,' said Alfred, for he loved new flowers for his garden; and he watched his aunt that he might know how to plant them.

'Would you like some, too, Annie?' asked the kind aunt.

'No, thank you,' said Annie, who was very young—too young to know that roots could come to flowers. 'I would rather have a bunch of those pretty big flowers, and I will plant them when I get home.'

'They will die,' said Alfred, 'for they have no roots.'

'I don't want roots,' said Annie, and so her aunt gave her the flowers. 'Annie will be wiser next year, Alfred,' she said; 'live and learn, you know.'

So Alfred and Annie went home, and were very busy planting till bed-time; and when Annie called her mother to look, there was her garden full of gay flowers, but they had stalks and no roots. Alfred's made no show, but the roots were lying under the mould, and Alfred could wait. 'Come and look at my garden in spring, mother,' he said.

[*Write*]

'Come and look at my garden in spring,' Alfred said.

SPRING.—(2.)

[*Spell and write*]

sunshine, showing, opening, dancing, wherever, narrow, weather, suppose, carefully, crocus, snow-drop, gently, dragging, yellow, purple, gaudy.

When the spring came, and the March winds had dried up the wet soil, and April sunshine came out by fits and starts, Alfred went to see if his roots were shewing signs of life. The bright green leaves were just opening on the trees, the birds were busy with their young, the wind was soft and sweet, and there was a smell of flowers in the air. Alfred felt as if his heart were dancing with joy, the spring made him so glad. When he came to his little garden he found, wherever he had planted a root, a bright green bud was coming up, or else there was a bunch of narrow green leaves, or a long flower-bud, with a white night-cap on it. The first were tulips; the long green leaves were

snow-drops; and the flower with a night-cap was a crocus.

'How gay my garden will be!' said Alfred; 'and there is poor Annie's without a flower.'

Now, Annie had been so ill in the winter, that she had grown quite pale and thin, and the doctor said she must not go out till May, for then the weather would be mild. When Alfred thought of his poor pale little sister, he was sorry her garden looked so empty, and he thought to himself: 'Suppose I weed it for her.' So he pulled up the weeds and raked it over. Then he thought: 'Suppose I put some of my roots in it.' So he dug up some roots very carefully, with plenty of mould round them, and he planted them in Annie's garden. And when he had dug up, and planted the snow-drops, he thought he could spare the crocuses; and when he had planted the crocuses, he said: 'There is just room for the tulips.' So Alfred's garden was soon empty, and Annie's was quite full, but Alfred was not

sorry; he felt quite happy, thinking how pleased his little sister would be.

It was a bright May day when Annie came out, and Alfred drew her gently along the paths in a little garden-chair. He had never told what he had done to any one, but his mother had seen it, and she loved her boy for being so kind to his sister.

'Why, Alfred,' said Annie, when they came to his garden, 'where are your roots that were to turn to flowers?'

'Here they are, Annie,' said Alfred, dragging her along to her own garden. 'They have all run away from me, and are come to live with you!'

'Oh Alfred, good kind Alfred,' said the little girl, and she put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and almost cried for joy. Yes, there they were—snow-drop bells, yellow, purple, and white crocuses, and gaudy tulips. Annie said: 'I never was so pleased before;' and Alfred said: 'I never was so happy.' *

* The words at the beginning of this lesson are so numerous, that no writing lesson is added.

MAY SONG.

[*Spell and write*]

merry, maiden, tripping, meadow, weather, gaily, frolic, gambols, blithe, brothers.

1.

A merry little maiden,
In the merry month of May,
Came tripping o'er the meadow,
As she sang this merry lay:

2.

'I 'm a merry little maiden,
My heart is light and gay,
And I love the sunny weather
In the merry month of May.

3.

'I love the pretty lambkins,
That so gaily sport and play,
And make such frolic gambols,
In the merry month of May.

4.

'I love the little birdies,
That sit upon the spray,
And sing me such a blithe song,
In the merry month of May.

5.

'I love my little sisters,
And my brothers every day,
But I seem to love them better
In the merry month of May.'

[*Write*]

I 'm a merry little maiden,
And my heart is light and gay.

THE SUMMER.—(1.)

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

weather, summer, friendly, swallow, pleasant, plenty, parlour, window, anything, lightly, hollow, enough, weary.

'How do you like this summer weather?' said a friendly robin to a swallow, as they sat side by side on a house-top.

'Oh, I love it! I love it!' said the swallow, 'it must always be summer for me; I can spread my wings and fly only in summer weather.'

'There are pleasant times in winter, too,' said Bob. 'Crumbs are very

good to eat, and they put plenty for me outside the parlour-window. I sing best, too, in winter; the frost clears my throat.'

'I don't know anything about crumbs,' said the swallow, who had never looked in at a parlour-window in his life; 'but I know that when the summer goes away, we go too, and fly and fly till the sun warms us again.

And as he spoke, down he flew from the house-top with his light wings spread out, skimming through the air as lightly as if he had been made of air himself. Robin Redbreast looked after him a little while, with his head on one side, and then he flew off to a hollow tree, where lived the very wisest owl he knew.

'Well, Mrs Owl,' said Bob looking into her hole, where she sat blinking with her round eyes, 'how do you like this fine weather?'

'Toot, toot, fine weather indeed, much you know about it! If a great glare of light makes fine weather—sun enough to put one's eyes out—

then you may call it fine; and such long days, too, it seems to me the sun will never go down. The poor children get weary for their mice, we shall all be glad enough when the short dark winter days come back.'

'Dear me, now,' said Bob, 'it is very strange, but the swallow is quite of another mind about it. He would like summer all the year round.'

'The swallow, indeed!' said the owl; 'a roving fellow like that! Did you ever hear any one call *him* wise?' and with that the owl turned sulky, and wouldn't say another word.

[*Write*]

The swallow would like summer all the year round.

THE SUMMER.—(2.)

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

grassy, common, hidden, scarcely, trembled, broken, honey, splashing, shadows.

'I will go now, and ask the lark,' said Bob; and down he flew on to a

wide grassy common, where, hidden among some rushes, lay a lark's nest. But scarcely had he opened his mouth to say: 'Well, Mrs Lark, how do you like summer?' when up sprung the lark away—away, straight up to the sky, till she became such a tiny speck that Bob nearly tumbled over trying to look after her. All the way she went she sang. Such a song! if I could only give you the words and the tune, it would make your hearts dance for joy. It was all about summer, and green leaves, and blue skies, and bright water, and gay flowers; but so sweet, so very sweet! Bob jumped round and round on one leg, and tried to fly up a little way, and make a duet of it; but as he wasn't a lark, he couldn't do it, so he gave it up, and went to visit a pair of doves, great friends of his, in the wood.

Long before he came to the wood, he could hear the soft cooing of the doves, and they lived in the very heart of it, among some tall thick trees that hung over a deep cool well. The well

had large moss-grown stones round it, and up above it rose a tall broken shaft, that had once been a cross. The ground was covered with moss and flowers, the honeysuckle climbed from tree to tree, and the wild roses were like pink and white stars on all sides. There was no need to ask the doves how they liked the summer. 'Coo, coo,' they sang, 'how pleasant it is in the deep still woods when the sun peeps through green leaves! The air is cool, the splashing water is cool, the ground is all alive with dancing shadows. But the warm sun is above all—it has called out the green leaves, and it has made the dancing shadows. Coo, coo! how pleasant is the summer-time!'

[*Write*]

The ground is all alive with dancing shadows.

THE SUMMER.—(3.)

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

listening, flying, moment, agree, autumn, potatoes, flapping, ploughed, possible, voices, altogether, nothing, whenever.

As Bob sat listening to the doves, he heard a loud caw, and saw a black crow flying overhead. 'Hi, there, Mr Crow,' said Bob, 'just stop a moment, and tell me if the fine weather agrees with you?' 'I don't care—hot or cold, it is all the same to me; but there is more food going in autumn —lots of grain then; or in spring, when potatoes are planted, and I walk behind the man and pick them out as fast as he puts them in.' 'Now, the other birds are so fond of flowers and sunshine,' said Bob. 'Caw, caw!' said the old crow, flapping his wings and setting off again; 'the smell of the new-ploughed ground, and the sight of a long worm for me!' and off he went. 'Dear me,' said Bob, 'how many ways

of thinking there are in this world, to be sure. Suppose, now, I go and see the little children who give me crumbs. If they don't care about the summer, why it is just possible the owl and the crow may be right, for they are very wise birds, much wiser than doves and larks. So off Bob flew to the parlour-window, but the window was overgrown with roses, and stood wide open, and there was not a child to be seen. But a great noise of many voices came from the garden; and when Bob went to look, there they were, boys and girls, little and big, dancing hand in hand round a rose-bush. As they danced, they sang all together:

1.

'This is the way we dance and play,
We dance and play, we dance and play;
This is the way we dance and play
All the long bright summer day.

2.

'Flowers and fruit, and fruit and flowers,
Fruit and flowers, fruit and flowers;
Flowers and fruit, and fruit and flowers
Come with the merry summer hours.

3.

'Please to stay, bright summer day,
Bright summer day, bright summer day;
Please to stay, bright summer day,
You make us all so glad and gay.'

Now, when Bob saw and heard this, his own little head nodded up and down to the tune; and he went home, and said to Jenny Wren: 'Jenny, I have made up my mind that there is nothing like summer;' and ever since that day, whenever you hear Robin singing a song, you may be quite sure it is all about summer.

[*Write*]

So off flew Bob to the parlour-window, but the window was overgrown with roses.

THE LITTLE COWARD.

[*Spell and write*]

foolish, donkey, civil, calf, half, laugh, honest, begins, surprise, bellow, fellow, almost, hardly, jumping, thinking.

1.

Why, here 's a foolish little man,
Laugh at him, donkey, if you can;
And cat and dog, and cow and calf,
Come every one of you and laugh.

2.

For, only think, he runs away
If honest donkey does but bray;
And when the bull begins to bellow,
He 's like a crazy little fellow.

3.

The poor old cow can hardly pass
Along the hedge to nip the grass,
Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
But off he runs and out he cries.

4.

And when old Tray comes jumping too,
With bow-wow-wow, for how d 'ye do;
And means it all for civil play,
'Tis sure to make him run away.

5.

But all the while your thinking, may be,
'Ah! well, but this must be a baby!'
Oh! cat and dog, and cow and calf,
I 'm not surprised to see you laugh,
He 's five years old, and almost half.

[*Write*]

For, only think, he runs away
If honest donkey does but bray.

AUTUMN.

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]
reapers, harvest, lessons, thankful, enough, asked, kindred, bosom.

It was autumn—the apples and pears were all ripe, and so was the corn. The reapers were busy reaping the corn; then they put it into large carts, and took it to the farm-yard. There was no school in harvest-time, so Tom had no lessons to learn. He and his two sisters, Ann and Mary, went into the cornfields to see the reapers. The hedges were full of blackberries and nuts, but they did not stay to eat them. They were in a hurry to go and help their poor old nurse to glean corn. They walked with her behind the harvest-cart, and picked up the ears that were dropped. Poor nurse was very thankful, for she had now corn enough to last her a long time.

They told their mother they had been gleaning when they went home to tea. And after tea, their mother told them a story of Ruth, who went gleaning in the cornfields. Ruth was a good daughter, and she went into the fields to glean the corn for her mother. The master of the field saw her, and he told his men to leave plenty of corn behind them that Ruth might pick it up.

He liked Ruth so much, that he talked to her, and asked who she was, and he found out that her mother was one of his kindred. So he took Ruth to be his wife, and from that time she had no need to go gleaning in the fields any more. She had a little baby boy, and her mother took the child and laid it in her bosom, and was its nurse. Her neighbours were glad when they saw it, and they said to her: 'Ruth, thy daughter, which loveth thee, is better to thee than seven sons.' The boy grew up, and had a son too, and a grandson who became a great king.

This pretty story of Ruth you may read some day in the Holy Bible.

[*Write*]

He liked Ruth so much, that he talked to her, and asked her who she was.

WINTER.—(1.)

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

countries, middle, shepherd, valley, warmer, early, kitchen, against, chimney.

It was a cold winter day. Ice was on the pond. The trees were loaded with snow, and it was growing dark. Tom sat on a little stool by the side of the fire. There was a good blaze, and he could see to read. He read a story of winter in colder countries than this—in a country where there is always snow on the high hills, even in the middle of summer. The story told

of a man, a shepherd, who had a cottage on one of these hills. He lived there all the summer, but when the winter came, he went down and lived in the valley, for it was warmer in the valley. One night, when the children were in bed, he said to his wife: 'To-morrow we will move down to the valley, for the clouds look as if snow were coming.' His wife was glad, for she liked the valley best. 'Let us go to bed, then, she said, for we must be up early in the morning.' So they ate their supper and went to bed. Gip, the dog, slept by the kitchen fire, the father and mother and the children slept upstairs.

All that night, while they were asleep, the snow was falling. Thick and fast it came, but so softly that no one heard it; not even Gip, the sheep-dog, who was so sharp and quick. The wind blew the snow against the shepherd's house, and soon it was so thick there, that if you could have gone up the hill, you would not have known there was a house at all,

had you not seen the top of the chimney, which stood out just above the snow.

[*Write*]

You would not have known there was a house at all, had you not seen the top of the chimney.

WINTER.—(2.)

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

husband, windows, moment, faithful, valley, perhaps, people, pushed, scratched.

In the morning the children woke at the same time they always did, and began to talk. 'Go to sleep,' said the mother; 'it is not time to wake yet.' So the children were quiet. But after a while the mother said: 'I think it is time to get up, and yet it is quite dark. Strike a light, husband, and look at your watch. The shepherd did as his wife said, and saw it was

past eight o'clock. Soon they found out why it was dark. The snow was high over the windows and over the roof. 'What shall we do?' said the wife. The poor children began to cry. The shepherd took a long stick, and pushed it up the chimney. He moved it about, and he could see the sky through. Then he knew in a moment what he could do. He called Gip—good faithful Gip!—and he came running up to his master. 'Go, Gip,' said the shepherd; 'go and bring us help, good dog.' He took Gip in his arms, pushed him as far as he could, and Gip got out on the roof, ran down the snow, and as fast as he could go to the valley. He met a man he knew, and began to bark round him, and run up the hill. 'What is it, Gip?' asked the man. Gip wagged his tail, gave a long howl, scratched with his paws in the snow, and ran a little way up. 'Perhaps his master is lost in the snow,' said the man. 'Good dog, we will come.' He called some of his friends, told them to bring tools,

and they set off up the hill, Gip going before to shew the way.

It was a long road, for the snow was so deep they often lost their path; but at last they came to the hut, and began to dig. The shepherd and his wife heard Gip bark, then they heard the men's voices, and they said: 'Now we shall be saved.' And so they were, for soon the men made a way in from the roof, and drew them all out, and they were taken down to the valley. It was dark night when they reached it, and the poor children were half-dead with cold. But the kind people took them in, and gave them hot soup, and put them into warm beds. They were all so glad to see them safe. And no one forgot Gip. He had a bone and a kind word in every house he went into, and the children loved him dearly. 'But for you, dear Gip,' they said, 'we might all have died in the snow.'

[*Write*]

Gip had a bone and a kind word in every house he went into, and the children loved him dearly.

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.—(1.)

[*Spell and write*]

grandmother, velvet, village, happened, carefully, message, scarcely, forgotten, animal.

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who was good and active, and always did what her mother wished her to do. Every one loved the little girl, and her old grandmother loved her most of all. The grandmother once gave the little girl a pretty little hood of red velvet, and it was from this pretty little hood that the little girl was called 'Little Red-Ridinghood.' Red-Ridinghood's mother dwelt in a large village; but her grandmother dwelt all alone, in a little house which stood in a great wood about a mile from the village.

The grandmother happened to be very sick. Then said the mother to her little daughter: 'Ridinghood, take this cake and this bottle of wine to

your grandmother; she is ill and in bed. But go carefully; do not fall and break the bottle; speak to no one on your way through the wood; and say to your grandmother: "Dear grandmother, I wish you good-morning."'

Red-Ridinghood said, 'Yes,' to her mother, took the cake and the bottle of wine, put both into a little basket, and started on her message.

Scarcely had she got into the wood, when she saw a great wolf on the road before her. 'Good-morning, Little Red-Ridinghood,' said the wolf.

'Thank you,' said kind Little Red-Ridinghood.

'Where are you going?' asked the wolf.

'I am going to my grandmother's.'

'What have you in that basket?'

'A cake and a bottle of wine for my grandmother; she is ill, and confined to bed.'

'Where does she live?'

'In the wood, half a mile from here. Her house is under the three oak-trees. You have, perhaps, been there.'

'Yes,' said the wolf, 'I know the house well; I have often been there.' And off he ran to the grandmother's house.

[*Write out the last sentence.*]

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.—(2.)

[*Spell and write*]

arrived, knocked, swallowed, curtains, answered, naughtily.

The wolf arrived at the grandmother's house much more quickly than Little Red-Ridinghood, and knocked at the door.

'Who is there?' asked the grandmother.

And the wolf said: 'Open the door to me, dear grandmother; I am Little Red-Ridinghood, and I bring you wine and a cake from my mother!' And the grandmother believing what the wolf said, got up from her bed, and opened the door. And the wolf got in, and swallowed the grandmother, and put on her cap, and lay

down in her bed, and let the curtains down.

When Ridinghood came at last with the cake and wine, she found the door open; and, coming in, she said: 'Good-morning, dear grandmother!' But there was no answer. She went up to the bed, and putting aside the curtains, she saw her grandmother lying there, but looking so strange. 'Grandmother,' she said, 'how is it that your ears are so long?'

'The better to hear you,' was the reply.

'Why are your eyes so large?'

'The better to see you.'

'How are your hands so long?'

'The better to grip you with.'

'But, grandmother, how is your mouth so wide, and your teeth so large?'

'The better to bite thee!'

And as the wolf said this, he sprang out of the bed on poor Little Red-Ridinghood, and swallowed the little maiden. Poor Little Red-Ridinghood!

[*Write out the last sentence.*]

[*More advanced exercises in numbers, Addition, and Subtraction.*]

[*Write in figures*]

one hundred thousand; nine hundred thousand; nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine; one million; one million five hundred thousand; one million and forty-four; one million and one; one million seven hundred and fifty-six thousand eight hundred and one; two millions; three millions; ten millions; &c.

[*Read off and add*]

7817	59317	91934	825927	891
7939	98765	54796	298732	216
2157	39278	58372	987659	7139
9736	41692	39724	173916	25
5273	54183	19372	123456	318
1892	27952	49108	876544	72956
3685	01847	89756	283134	40

[*Read off and subtract*]

594768	839269	947385	9629573
123456	627135	413052	400059

8762999	4567892	7856234	1000000
3958293	3972219	2931	900000

[*Miscellaneous exercises in Addition and Subtraction.*]

1. John was born in 1825, and Tom in 1836. What is the age of each; and how much older is John than Tom?

2. In a battle in Virginia, the Federals found that 7500 had been killed, and 3245 wounded; but their army was 20,000 smaller after the battle than before. How many were missing?

3. William of Orange came to the throne in 1688. How many years ago?

4. The Prince of Wales was 21 years of age on the 9th November 1862. In what year was he born?

5. From the sum of 283, 6024, 3961, 35, and 72436, subtract the sum of 3192, 576, 2953, and 12345.

6. There are 36 pages in the Infant Primer of Chambers's Narrative Series, and in Standard I. there are 80 pages. What is the difference between them?

7. There are 112 pages in Standard II. of Chambers's Narrative Series. How many more are there than in Standard I.? And how many pages are in the Primer, Standard I., and Standard II. taken together?

MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

THE END.

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MINOR ATLAS, consisting of 15 maps, ... 3
SCHOOL ATLAS, consisting of 34 4to maps, ... 20

History.

Ancient History, ... *Reduced to* 2
Mediæval History, ... *do.* 3
Modern History, ... *do.* 3
History of Ancient Greece, ... *do.* 2
History of Rome, ... 2
History of the British Empire, ... 2
Exemplary and Instructive Biography, ... 2

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Arithmetic, Introduction to, ... 1
Arithmetic: Advanced Treatise, ... 2
———— ————, Key to, ... 1
Book Keeping by Single and Double Entry, ... 1
———— by Single Entry, ... 1
two Ruled Paper Books for Single Entry, *second*, 1
two Ruled Paper Books for Double Entry, *do.* 1
Algebra: Theoretical and Practical, ... 3
———, Key to, ... 2
Exercises and Problems in Algebra, with Answers, *Reduced to* 2
Exercises and Problems in Algebra, without Answers, . 1
Plane Geometry, ... 2
———, Key to, ... 1
The Explicit Euclid, ... 2
GEOMETRICAL CHART—measuring 3 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in., 2
Solid and Spherical Geometry, ... 1
Practical Mathematics, ... *Reduced to* 4
———, Key to, ... *do.* 3
Mathematical Tables, ... 3

Science.

Introduction to the Sciences, ... 1
Laws of Matter and Motion, ... 1
Mechanics, ... 1
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Acoustics, ... 1
Optics, ... 1
Astronomy, ... 1
Electricity, ... 1
Meteorology, ... 1
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" 2. Mechanics, ... 1
" 3. *Do.*, ... 1
Each sheet mounted on rollers, ... 4
———— *mounted* and varnished, ... 5

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Science—*continued.*

		s.	d.
nistry, by Professor Wilson,		3	0
logy,		2	0
ogy,	*Reduced to*	2	6
nal Physiology,		1	6
etable Physiology,		1	6
tical Economy,	*Reduced to*	1	6

Latin.

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diman's Latin Rudiments,			10
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———, Advanced,	*Reduced to*	1	6
to Advanced Latin Exercises,		2	0
drus's Fables,		1	6
os,	*Reduced to*	2	0
ar,		2	6
ust,	*Reduced to*	1	6
ıtus Curtius,	*do.*	3	0
l,	*do.*	3	0
ace,	*do.*	3	0
il. Vol. I.: Bucolics, and Æneid I. to VI.,	*do.*	3	0
— Vol. II.: Æneid VII. to XII., and Georgics,	*do.*	3	0
,	*do.*	3	0
ro,	*do.*	3	0
n Dictionary, Latin and English,		9	0
———, Latin-English Part,		5	0
———, English-Latin Part,		4	6

German.

t German Reading Book,	*Reduced to*	1	6
nd German Reading Book,	*do.*	2	6
nan Grammar, Elementary,	*do.*	1	6
———, Advanced,	*do.*	3	0
lish German Phrase Book,	*do.*	1	6
nan Dictionary, German and English,	*do.*	7	6
———, German-English Part,	*do.*	4	0
———, English-German Part,	*do.*	4	0
ionary of German Synonyms,	*do.*	1	6

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Key to do.,		
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utlines of Geography		
istory,